

BROCKHAMPTON, DISTRICT

[Intro]

"I'm Sammy Jo, and my favorite colors are, um, black and red."

[Chorus: Kevin Abstract]

Let me find my way out of this bitch (Uh)
Find myself high in the distance (Uh)
Find me up, lying in this ditch (Ugh)
With a wrist and some diamonds a-mixin' (Woo)
If I can't find the time to get my heart out (Ugh)
Would you stomp 'em out when we slow the world down? (Ugh)
Would you hold it down for me when my heart pound? (Ugh)
Ain't no telling, no telling, so call the coroner
Let me find my way out of this bitch (Ugh)
Find myself high in the distance (Ugh)
Find me up, lying in this ditch (Ugh)
With a wrist and some diamonds a-mixin' (Woo)
If I can't find the time to get my heart out (Ugh)
Would you stomp 'em out when we slow the world down? (Ugh)
Would you hold it down for me when my heart pound? (Ugh)
Ain't no telling, no telling, so call the coroner

[Verse 1: Merlyn Wood]

Ayy, I'ma just bounce with that
In fact, I bought a whole damn house with that
Ayy, hand me where the ounces at
Tell me where the damn these ounces at
Ayy, tell me where the ounces at
Tell me where the ounces, ounces at
Ayy, tell me where the ounces at
Tell me where the ounces, ounces at

[Verse 2: Joba]

It's getting hot, you best just—
Woo! Simmer down, simmer down, simmer down, simmer down
The effects can't touch this
Woo! Simmer down, simmer down, simmer down, simmer down
Stand up, stand down, bitch
Woo! Simmer down, simmer down, simmer down, simmer down
Wait, wait, wait

[Verse 3: bearface]

I'm alive, I'm alive, the bags in my ride, I, I
I ain't ever been the one that's scared of you
Baby, you can come and get it
I'm alive, I'm alive, the bags in my ride, I, I
Baby, when the karma gets you, yeah
Maybe you can run away with us

[Verse 4: Dom McLennon]

In my bag in the vault, moving on, move along
Ain't my fault, moved too fast, life had skidded to a halt
Got back on the road and made it to the start
Disregarding the emotional discharge
Can't forget the mission put into my heart
I ain't playing games with you to play your part
Standing up with pride behind my battle scars

[Verse 5: Matt Champion]

Money walk and money talk, but money no make comfortable
Big-ass house and big-ass car don't add up when you die alone
I want wife, nice life, highlights with some little clones
I want bliss, no strife
Rewind, don't slice around my aura with the better lies
I want a better life, bend around the corner

One deep, eyes shut, really know the place
Projecting on me, I don't correlate
Straight from manipulation, wouldn't wanna infiltrate my brothers
Still wanna get me high, eyes low off that methadone
Always throwing curve, like a reaper scythe
Gnawing on my wood like a termite
Entering my world like a parasite
(Parasite, parasite, parasite, parasite, parasite, parasite)

[Verse 6: Joba, Kevin Abstract]
Praise God, hallelujah! (God, God)
I'm still depressed (Damn, damn)
At war with my conscience
Paranoid, can't find that shit
Woo, praise God, hallelujah! (God, God)
I'm still depressed (Damn, damn)
At war with my conscience
Paranoid, I can't—

[Breakdown: Kevin Abstract]
Let me find my way out of this bitch
"I'm Sammy Jo, and my favorite colors are, um, black and red." (Damn)
(Ugh) With a wrist and some diamonds a-mixin'
(Ooh da-aa, da, da, da, da)
If I can't find the time to get my heart out (Ugh)
Would you stomp 'em out when we slow the world down? (Damn)
Would you hold it down for me when my heart pound? (Ugh)
Ain't no telling, no telling, so call the coroner

[Outro: bearface, Kevin Abstract]
Sittin' on your porch, across parking lots and you
Light it up, better dodge the cops
And I'll never get sick of playing with your locks
I, I miss you lots, I, I miss you lots, I, I
Sittin' on your porch, across parking lots
That's all I got for you
And I'll never get sick of playing with your locks, I, I
That's all I got for you
Sittin' on your porch, across parking lots and you
That's all I got for you
Miss you lots, I, I miss you lots, I, I
That's all I got for you
Sittin' on your porch, across parking lots
That's all I got for you
And I'll never get sick of playing with your locks
I, I miss you lots, I, I miss you lots
I, I miss you lots, I, I miss you lots, I, I
That's all I got for you